

Old Hickory

Fall, 1970

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REVIEW

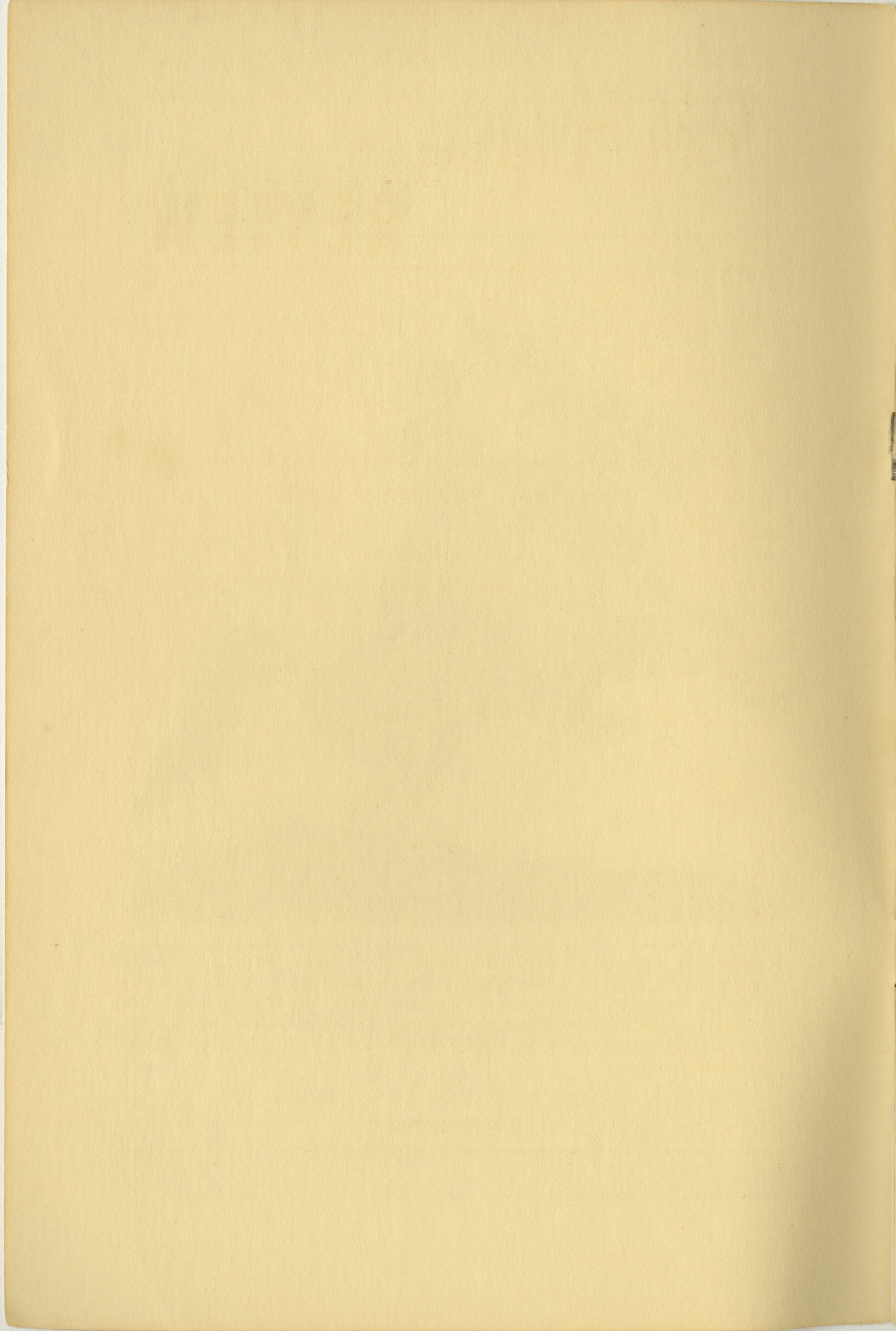


This issue:

MILLIE McWHIRTER

THE HAIKU

THREE MEN POETS:
Cooper, Berry, Kloefkorn



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Old Hickory REVIEW

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Edited by

Dr. Sarah V. Clement, Kathryn W. Robbins, Mildred Watt,

Dorothy M. Stanfill, Charles T. Stanfill

Business Manager

Robert T. Parker

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Old Hickory
REVIEW

FALL 1970

Vol. 2, No. 2

Edited by
Dr. Fred Y. Charney, Kathryn W. Robbins, Michael West,
Dorothy M. Stahl, Charles T. Stahl

Forrest Morgan
Robert T. Parker

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comment

This issue of Old Hickory Review salutes Millie McWhirter distinguished writer of short stories and now a novelist, who knows everybody in Jackson and whom everybody in Jackson knows because she grew up in Jackson and graduated from Lambuth College. She is a former student of Dr. Sarah V. Clement, one of the editorial committee of this literary journal.

The fact that she now lives in Cincinnati just makes no difference. Jackson claims her and she says she feels almost like one of the Jackson Writers Group.

Her first novel, "Hushed Were the Hills", published by Abingdon Press, has been very successful. She is now at work on her second novel, publication date not yet set.

* * *

The Second Tennessee Writers Conference at Vanderbilt in July brought together quite a number of men poets. Three whose work shows great promise, are published in this issue.

* * *

The editors plan to feature a different type of verse form with each issue hereafter. Perhaps one of the most charming and at the same time most challenging verse forms is the Haiku, developed by the Japanese over a period of hundreds of years. A "how-to" article by a member of the Jackson Writers Group, Eddie Lee Anthony Smith, and examples of Haikus are published herein. Try writing one!

* * *

Two young men have short stories in the fall issue. One is a reprint from the New Orleans Times Picayune by Don Lee Keith, whose family lives in Jackson and who is an editorial writer for that newspaper. The other is by a student at Lambuth College, John L. McCann. This first published story, the editors think, has some of the flavor of Hemingway in its man's talk and its gustiness.

* * *

The article on Malta in the last issue by Kenneth Beaudoin has brought a submittal of poems from a young man of that country, Victor Agius. Two of them are published in this issue.

He is a senior in St. Michael's College of Education in Malta and plans to be a teacher.

The Editors

THE MUSE AND ME

"THERE WAS A TIME, before the county seat began to spread, when a community known as Willow Creek drowsed against the lean hills . . ."

This is the way HUSHED WERE THE HILLS begins.

This, too, is where conversation begins when readers question whether my novel is fact or fiction. "*Was there a community known as Willow Creek?*" they ask. "*Did you live there?*"

"No," I say. "There was no place by that name. But oh yes, I did live there. I lived there through many months, many seasons of writing, rewriting."

I admit that the Cincinnati Telephone book was listing my name all that time, and the tax collector insists that I've been a resident of Hamilton County for eight years. It's true that I sat at my typewriter each morning while the traffic-copter whirled over Columbia Parkway, and when I worked late in the afternoon I saw the street lights (courtesy of CG&E) become visible with the onset of dusk.

And yet, to me, that whirring sound was not a helicopter, but locusts during a drought. Those street lights were the glow of fireflies as darkness seeped into the hills that sheltered the community of Willow Creek.

I was, of course, writing from the viewpoint of my personal background, from my own convictions about life and living. But the characters who were coming alive now were conceived in my mind, born from my typewriter.

Here, taped to the wallpaper above my desk, is a map of Willow Creek. It's a crude thing and would be of no help to the traveler attempting to find his way there. But, to me, that curved line is the narrow road that leads over the hill, down past the General Store. That square on the left is the old McFarland Place, and that green circle is the cemetery where the ghost of Maribeth Wilson was laid to rest. The blue line is the creek as it ambles along, sucking at the roots of the willow. And so, simply by glancing above my desk, I'm in Willow Creek. I run barefooted over the warm furrows of earth. I hear the roosters arguing among themselves about the time. I know which house is fragrant with sausage sizzling in the skillet, what woman is just sitting, staring into her coffee cup.

Even now, although the community is enclosed in a dust jacket, I find myself wishing I could telephone Miss Ada there at the General Store and ask her if the recent rains flooded the creek, if Miz Pope found her lost heifer, and if it's true that Angie is expecting another young'un.

Miss Ada runs the General Store and she would know. The only thing Miss

Ada doesn't know is that she was my confidante while I was working in Willow Creek. I sometimes wonder what she'd have done, what folks would've said, if word had leaked out that there was a writer working in their midst.

In the first place, they'd have looked on me as "a real curiosity!"

Folks in Willow Creek did read books. But those books were the Bible, the Almanac, the Sears Roebuck Catalogue. So if, one day, a stranger had come into the General Store, declaring that he was a writer, he would just plain have to be some apostle returned from the dead or else some person to whom you returned whatever was damaged or wasn't fittin'. It would've been a "real curiosity" to know that a writer-woman worked by the strange process of staring at a typewriter, tossing paper into a wastebasket, thumbing through something called a th-thesaurus!

"Have you seen 'er?" the conversation would begin as folks gathered at the store, eased themselves into the split-bottomed chairs.

Miz Pope would nod. "Right pitiful looking, I'd say. Wears a baggy old sweater. Slacks worn thin in the behind. Barefoot, too, most of the time."

The women frown. "Maybe we ought to get up a collection. I would give that print dress made from flour sacks. Fits like one, too, but I reckon she wouldn't be too proud . . ."

"Proud?" Miz Pope says. "Huh! I was just saying to The Mister that that woman's got no pride a'tall. Why she's *living* with somebody called The Muse. Ain't married to 'im either, far as I can tell."

Angie, who is a romanticist, would smile, sigh. "I've heard her say she can never really depend on The Muse. It seems that he just kind of comes and goes whenever he takes a mind to. But though I've never seen 'im, I can tell when he's there with 'er. She rises singing in the morning, and her typewriter hums far into the night. I reckon it's worth those bad times, those silent times, when he's gone."

Jim Gardner, who's in love with Angie, would speak up. "Well, I wish I knew what he's got . . . what he has to give 'er."

Angie smiles. "Words. Just words. I've heard her say she'd rather have The Muse bring her one wonderful, perfect word than a whole box of chocolate covered cherries!"

"Well, she's crazy, you see? Folks like that are just plain crazy!"

Finally, Miss Ada would speak up. "Hush talkin' that way. She's just touched in the head, that's all. Not stark crazy. Just a bit touched."

At last, I can laugh and get back to work. Miss Ada speaks true.

Those of us who have a hankering for words, a deep, abiding love for The Muse *are* a bit touched in the head. But it's an euphuism preferable to terms sometimes used by more knowledgeable people who describe us.

Recently, I read an article in which a psychologist said that writers tend to show symptoms of paranoia. And I say, why yes, of course! How else can I

explain these delusions of grandeur, these days when The Muse whispers that I'd better be giving some thought to my acceptance speech when I win the Pulitzer! How else can I account for seiges of depression, these days when I weep from my lack of talent, my futile attempts to write just one simple scene?

It is said, too, by those who research the psyche of the writer that we are masochistic. I plead guilty to that one, too. Every day, we writers put ourselves in the position to be rejected. Either we reject our own work, crumpling the worthless words into the wastebasket, or we open the mailbox knowing that we may find an editor's note saying sorry . . . sorry. And even when the day comes when, oh glorious day!, our book is accepted, do we then rejoice and think we are absolutely the *greatest*? Not for long, we don't. We wait anxiously for reviews, torturing ourselves with anxiety . . . will the criticism be good or bad? If it's good, will we rest on our laurels? If it's bad, will we never write again?

Either way, the answer is No. We will begin all over again, knowing that always our reach will exceed our grasp. So are we just plain crazy? Maybe. And yet, I think it is Miss Ada who describes us most succinctly. We are "touched."

All of us who love to write, to read, are touched in the head, and touched in the heart. We are blessed with one of life's greatest joys. We walk into a library as if it were a candy store. We savor even the fragrance of books. We look up at the shelves and run our fingers over whole volumes of words. Suddenly The Muse takes our hands, leads us down the long narrow aisle, into the wonderful world of words.

Folks who prefer chocolate covered cherries are "a real curiosity!"

AUTHOR: *The success of Hushed Were The Hills, Miss McWhirter's first book, is deserved due to the beautiful quality of the prose. Miss McWhirter has written short stories which have appeared in Redbook, Good Housekeeping, Cosmopolitan and McCall's. She appears as panelist for many creative writing seminars throughout the country.*

lines from memphis and the tennessee poetry society

Frieda Beasley Dorris

JENNY

She lay dying on her bed.
Her name was Jenny. Someone said:
"A pity to be called so young . . .
And five small children". She had flung
Her arms to heaven all that day,
Delirious. In some strange way,
An urgency recalled her mind
To earth, and she looked down to find
Her tiny daughter standing near.
Tenderly, she brushed a tear
From anxious eyes, and in this mood,
She lifted from her tray some food
And fed her puzzled four year old
The only memory she would hold
Of her mother.

Kenneth Lawrence Beaudoin

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH, 1970

So we went to the Orphan's picnic
and had spaghetti and ravioli
and took a lot of chances on things
we did not win.

And returning to our street we found
no flags blowing. A few neighborhood
children shot firecrackers, but this street
need not wear its patriotism on its sleeve.

For there are no houses in this block
that have not sent a son to war,
or lost a husband in another war.
These people need not speak. They've done . . .

What the Glorious Republic has demanded,
spilled their blood and paid their taxes
and watched the Glorious Republic pander to the few
and find new ways to tax the many.

They even listen to those who talk of social injustice
and know why all of them must wave a flag
before their door, for talk will never keep
Democracy going. It's the doing that will turn the trick.

THE GUNFIGHTER'S RESURRECTION

“Hang him! Hang him!” That’s what they said,
And they did. When I got there he was already dead,
Swinging from that oak like a tied-up sack.
The swaying boots on his feet brought back
The nights I had heard them plunk the street
Outside like he expected to meet
Satan hisself, but the street was bare
Of folks when he walked: nobody was there.
A gunfighter, they said, didn’t belong
With decent folks, but I think they was wrong.
That’s why I went up to the hill the day
They hanged him. Already the buzzards who prey
On death huddled like mourners, each one
A black monk in the pines near the oak; the sun
Glinted past them and made the boots shine.
And I wished that them boots was mine.

The preacher came to bless and pray
And promise a resurrection day.
He left soon after I got there
And the body hung loose in the afternoon air.
The crowd that gathered and cheered, had thinned;
But the marshal was there, a man who had sinned
More than the hanged man, I’ll be bound.
So I began to mosey around,
Just talking, and I finally said,
“I’ll give two silver dollars for his boots. He’s dead,
He won’t mind.” And the marshal caught the coins
And I pulled off his boots and felt the loins
Of the hanged man stretch in my eager haste.
I said, “They’d only go to waste:
It’s his fault for dying with them on.”
I laughed, but I laughed alone.
I turned to keep from seeing his feet

Helpless, naked, and incomplete.
Just then dusty rumbling around
The bend in the road that cuts the town
Showed a woman and boy in a wagon bound
For the top of the hill. The marshal called,
“Cut him down! Looks like after all
They beat the buzzards—I didn’t think
They’d make it before he begun to stink.”
I knowed then the woman was his mother,
Come for the body with his younger brother.

God, I felt like a fool standing there
With his boots in my hands and his feet bare
For them to see. But I stood my ground—
I’d paid for the bargain I had found:
Them boots was mine! Well, the wagon stopped
And they cut the rope as the boy hopped
Down and we lifted the body free
And laid it in the wagon—all except me.
The woman never dropped a tear
And waited among us without no fear.
She seemed to have lost all woman-words,
She was sunset-quiet. I was glad them birds
Wouldn’t feed on him, but some worm would feast
That night or the next. Like any beast,
Man comes to that. “Hey, where’s his boots?”
The boy demanded. “Ain’t nobody loots
My brother’s body ‘fore it’s cold!”
In two seconds I felt myself grow old.
The woman looked at me and heeded
The boots I held. “Well, if they’re needed
That bad, you’re welcome to them, son,”
She said. And the boy put down his gun.
But as the wagon went down the hill,
I heard his voice, excited, shrill,
Yelling at me: “You’ll never fill
Them boots!” Well, he was young.
I’ve filled them, and look, except where I hung
The spurs: like new—though I plumb wore out

The sole. But them is just about
The best pair of boots I ever seen.

Do you think what I done was mean
That afternoon so long ago?
It's rat-gnawed my mind so
I can't hardly sleep at night—
Do you think I done right?
Suppose what the preacher said is true
And the dead come back, and we get our due:
Will the hanged man stand at the judgment seat
And accuse me in his naked feet?
And will I have to burn in hell
For a pair of boots? They served me well,
But if I had it over to do,
I just don't know. Suppose it's true
What the preacher said. Suppose it's true!

Robert Simonton

WORLD OF LOVE

You are an eagle soaring in the sky,
A nymph of silver sailing on the sea,
A butterfly who tips its wings to fly
To earth and bring a message just for me.
You are a carousel of greens and blues,
A ring of gold surrounds each path you walk
In fields of Spring or misty autumn hues,
The nightingale sings sweeter when you talk.
Reach out and touch a star in distant flight!
And ride beside the winding moonlight stream!
These things are yours—if they will bring delight—
It's true—and not the shadow of some dream.
The world—and all it holds—is in your scope,
For you have freely given love and hope.

Raymond McCarty

ON A PORTRAIT

Your portrait sits and looks at me
As if it wished to speak,
And I just stand and look at it
Until my heart must break.
I dream those lips could talk to me
If only they would try,
And one sweet word is all I need
To lift my spirits high.
Alas! no sound will come from them.
In silence they are set.
So I must be content to look
With eyelids strangely wet.

Eve Braden

LINES TO A DISGRUNTLED TURTLE WHO SHOULD HAVE GONE ON ABOUT HIS BUSINESS

yellow
stands out in a crowd . . . (the school bus is yellow)
so I
painted his shell
yellow
and put him back in the woods . . .
(Darling, he didn't mean to tarry)
I don't know
what the
other turtles
will say,
if
anything.

Eve Braden

AUTUMN'S CHILD

Spell MY NAME

with
over-ripe apples in a
sweet-sad season
of
circling birds . . .

Not with the same tired old alphabet—
but spell it
with sun-rays that
turn my hair wine-ward . . . go write
MY NAME in rain dust under
some prodigal
fig tree . . .

Let the wind sing it on stone mountain, or carve it in the
hollow of your throat.

E - V - E is too
simple
for
Autumn's child.

Isabel J. Glaser

BEGGAR MAN

The street and blood, air fossilized
Print of skulls in fresh concrete
Sirens covering screams, echoes
Pencils? Chewing gum?
Only a nickel . . .

ONE AND HIS OTHER

The town lay simmering gently in the Wyoming sun, choking occasionally in the dust and sighing almost audibly from its unpainted doors. The wind-mills that drew their water from the lowest depths that men could reach sought haltingly to turn their pumps. Horses drank the discolored liquid, (slopping reluctantly into troughs on the street), impassively aware of its heavy mineral content, knowing that it meant life to them. And to the men and women who passed by on the dusty paths, it meant life too. The water quenched their thirst and drew the trade of their brothers across hundreds of dry Wyoming miles.

Aldama stopped and looked at the town, holding his hand above his eyes to penetrate the alkali glare. Past him flowed a chalky, smoking river of sheep: his sheep, kept in order by three mottled dogs who presided over the flock as tribunes when the old shepherd-emperor wanted to be alone and think. His heavy legs planted themselves onto the dry soil and supported a bronzed keg of a torso topped by a grizzled head about five and one half feet above the ground.

Swinging easily into his distance-eating stride, he joined his subjects as they wandered dully into the town. There they would pause for a day and then wander dully to the next place which their emperor knew would contain food and water. And so it was that the shepherd and his flock found their way into Monarch, Wyoming, on an August afternoon in 1924.

A gate swung shut behind the flock as they and their tribunes were ordered into a small and slightly grassy patch of pasture near the well. All were watered and while the sheep began their cropping of the few courageous sprouts that had gone unconquered by the sun, Aldama fed his dogs and strode off to the general store.

"Hey, Old Man," the aging shopkeeper shouted, "your stupid sheep, they found us again!" He looked from under his cragey brows at the old shepherd, his cold, grey eyes taking in the patched and mended flannel shirt and denim trousers, the black hair exposed on the swollen chest. "Hey, those foolish animals keep coming here; you'll be with 'em for years, Old Man!"

"Ha! Damn sheep couldn't find their own asses with both hands! I bring 'em here and I do it forever, maybe." The shepherd's eyes glowed sullenly at the reminder of man's mortality. Abruptly swinging through the weathered door and past the aproned proprietor, he produced a list of his needs for the next few months: salt, needles, matches, a box of .30-.30 Winchester shells, some rope and a whetstone for his hatchet and knife. He found them in the

familiar, cluttered den and soon was paying for them with cash.

"C'mon, Old Man, you need a beer, the tavern for us!" and the shopkeeper was pulling his skinny arms from the dun colored apron and leading the shepherd to the small, illegal bar that advertised its Chicago beer prominently on the street.

"Good weather in the mountains?" the merchant asked. And even though he tried not to betray his anxiety at the answer, he knew that moisture in the distant uplands controlled the fate of the windmills, wells, and town.

"Uh! Good. Wet. Green. The sheep are fat, or didn't that word beat me to your store?" He reburied his mustache in the white and amber brew.

The shopkeeper was stung at the reference to his prices. "He buys 24 shells. They come all the way from Conneticut and he wants them for the price of flour!"

"Ah, no matter, the wool will be good and the flock is of the young ones now. The old ones are dying and the flock goes faster."

"Your old ones die?!"

The shepherd's crafty Mexican eyes gleamed between the glass and his brows, penetrating the shopkeeper as they would a mist. "Yeh, killed." He tilted the beverage up, masking his face with the dregs.

"Killed! Who kills your old ones, Old Man?"

Aldama paused, balancing the answer on his pagan mind's fine edge. How much of his soft, inner fabric should he expose to this wizened little city-dweller? He paused long enough to confuse himself, long enough to excite the merchant's curiosity, too long.

At last he answered: "Another. Maybe a bear, but it doesn't matter. It's just Another."

"Another? A bear I can understand, Old Man, but Another? Why didn't you kill it?"

And again the shepherd paused and explored his own psychic modesty. Finally: "You won't know about the Others, townsman," he muttered to his glass.

"Well, townsman," he liked the word; it gave him power. "How do I tell it to you. Ah, you won't know. Only . . . Another." And he stopped to grow annoyed at his own reluctance. Why was he afraid?

"Yes!" he said suddenly, slamming the table, "Another!" And his voice took on a strange calm as he went on. "Since '89 I have come from the mountains to the River with my stupid sheep and stupid pack-mule and my dogs. For 35 years, Vincent."

The shopkeeper was surprised that this slowwitted shepherd, as he supposed him to be, knew his Christian name. But he said nothing and the dusty herdsman continued.

"For the first year or two, there was fear. I didn't know my sheep could

cross the rivers or my mule find forage. For the first few journey's there were others. But in my mind you understand. They lurked in the shadows my mind saw, but the sheep and mule and dogs knew better. Fools they were, but they at least knew I was alone out there."

He paused to begin his second beer and looked again at the merchant; did that pale, thin refugee from a 40 acre farm know what "alone" meant?

"Then I saw too. Ah, there was nothing but birds, who fled from me, prairie dogs, who ran from me, rabbits and squirrels. Wolves? Poisoned when they showed their faces. Coyotes? No match for even an old dog."

"Townsmen!" Again he slammed the table. "I was the one from whose scent all others fled—in terror!"

When he spoke again he had almost finished his second beer, and it was with that terrible bright-eyed calm that he spoke.

"But Vincent, I am not God, I'm very young when my mother dies, you know, and I have to take my father's sheep to the River. But this I remember: She wanted me to be a priest. But I'm not a priest and I'm not a terrible devil either. Vincent, I'm a man! Only. A man and no more. And it's not good for a man to be the . . . One. The One from whom others flee."

"Well, now there is Another. And he eats the old ones sometimes. But at least he is there, the Other."

The city-dweller was unhappy at this unexpected revelation, vaguely frightened by the idea of a loneliness so passionate that it would sacrifice profits, wool, to some beastly idol. He thought a long time before he replied, asking, "But the shells . . . you're thinking of killing this . . . uh . . . bear?"

"Ah, my nephew is coming. He won't understand. Maybe I'll have to protect him. Boys, you know."

"Yeh," the merchant said, wiping a dirty sleeve over his sweaty forehead. "Boys. Getting into trouble all the time." But he couldn't imagine a boy with this man, out there. There was no room for boyhood in the awesome world of the One and the Other.

He needn't have worried. The boy, as his uncle called him, was taller than his relative and almost as heavy. Carrying his pack and a traveling grip, he stepped from the supply truck into Monarch's single street, took a calm look around and headed immediately for the bar. His father had read the shepherd's letter welcoming the boy for a week of herding and told him "You won't have any trouble finding him, he'll be in the speakeasy."

Later that afternoon the boy had stepped with the same purposeful stride beside the mule. Wearing denims and flannels, a new hat on his head that his mother had insisted he buy, he had no trouble matching his uncle's pace. It was well he had no such trouble, for now he was busy enough arguing with his older kinsman. Even though he was well regarded at the university, he was having to struggle to understand the Old Man.

And it wasn't until campfire and dinner had gone down that he really accepted the latest word from his uncle: that they would take the oldest sheep and put it outside the herd for a predator to kill.

"Uncle," he cried for the 40th time, "it's not reasonable; it doesn't make sense!"

"Damn 'reasonable'," the shepherd repeated. "The Beast is there and I am here. How else do we know each other?"

"Know each other!" The boy's mind could not accept the idea. "Know what? Look, uncle, we tie the sheep out there. In the morning it's dead, eaten. What do you know, huh? All you know is that you've lost the wool! And Uncle, wool is your salt and beans and flour!"

Aldama sagged visibly under the weight of having to explain yet again why the Beast was there. The boy had understood that the Beast had a range, beyond which it wouldn't go and that soon, surely, the flock would be past the Beast's domain. Only he didn't see why a bear, as he called Him, deserved a domain.

"All right, my son, we kill the Beast . . . for we must, you know, or he'll get into the flock and kill dozens, of course . . . we kill him. Then whose range are we in? We're in no one's. We can't say of it: Our range. Men have no ranges, no land, really. We must live within some range, something's area, don't you see that?"

"No, Uncle, I don't see that! Men do have ranges: Cities and farms and houses. And you have yours: your journey. You have a legal right of way to the River; no one can fence you out. Why should a bear?"

"This Beast, he's no man; he does have a range. Men get their places, homes, with money and work. Ah, what's money, just work. And work? Just money. A wheel. A man rides it, pumps it, and calls it his."

"Uncle, uh, it's not a man who does this claiming of his own! It's men. Cities of men, nations of men, working to tame and control and create."

"Ah!" The Old Man's disgust was unlimited. "This flock for 35 years we've used this same pasture. The same grass, same thickets and trees, same creek for water. The sheep eat and the sheep crap. We're here; it's ours. The crapping makes next year's grass. Next year it'll be ours again. That's what you say: That we are here, so it's ours. Our range."

"But listen to what I say: That we are here today, some other place tomorrow. A good day's walking, we're in good pasture. A storm, we're in a bad patch of mesquite, or dead. Tomorrow we're not here. How is it ours? It isn't ours; it's the Beast's."

"Don't you see, *He* does none of this business you talk about: 'tame, control, create.' *He* is of the land, of *His* land, *His* range. We only use it and must pay for it. That is what we are, users who must pay. Because we are men, not Beasts or Gods."

He got up, took a strand of rope from the pack. "Now I go," he said and walked into the flock of dully silent sheep.

* * * * *

The shopkeeper pressed the bandage tighter around the young man's forehead, looking at the clock nervously to see how long they still had to wait for the Doctor.

"Tell me, when the Old Man saw the bear in the flock, why did he attack you?"

"I didn't believe," the boy said, and felt the vitality he so cherished, so needed, slipping from his body with the pain. "I didn't believe and he thought I had to. He didn't mean to hurt me. Really. He just had to run me off and didn't realize he could hurt me so easy."

Clapping bells announced the passing quarter hours and the passing of the boy's strength.

"He told me so while he was bringing me here. He didn't know how easy men are to hurt."

"Why didn't he stay?"

"Well, he couldn't, you know. His Beast was out there."

Victor Agius

THOUGHTS

In the womb there is life . . .
In life there is death . . .
In death there is resurrection . . .
In resurrection there is LIFE.

Victor Agius

ENIGMA

dripping hope trickling
down the face of gloom
to blot the glistening eye.

the enigma stares ghostfully.

the clock measures the day's span
—dawn to sunset to darkness complete—
as silent voices slave time's obsession.

the enigma eyes nakedly.

tomorrow's veil reborn
in the dullness of day
—cycle's everborn.

the enigma stoops.

total darkness everywhere.
spiteful calmness nowhere.
undertones unfound.

the enigma.

Eddie Lee Anthony Smith

THE MAGIC OF THE HAIKU

The expanding popularity of the Haiku, this crystalized style of verse invites your attention:

It is a tiny, jewel-like form, terse and elusive, in which Japanese poets have been working for hundreds of years. Only seventeen syllables are permitted in the entire poem. The first and third lines contain five each, the second—seven.

For the sake of clarity and economy, a key word, giving the season of the year is often used, whereby the reader can immediately comprehend the weather, the foliage, the birds and insect life and the emotions traditional to the season.

In this classic form of concentrated essence, suggestion is powerful. Small things become large when seen close up. The reader is invited to add his own associations and images to those of the poet; to become co-creator with him. Please try it with the following examples—but remember each Haiku is a complete poem, even though it is sometimes grouped with others to advance harmony of season, place, time or mood.

Haiku recapture
Joys of childhood innocence
And sustain wonder.

This mid-May garden
Is perhaps lovelier than
Any in Paradise.

A gate made of twigs
Keeps strangers out, but invites
Toads and lady-bugs.

A nest building thrush
Sings in an idiom, known
Only to his mate.

March, up to old tricks
Makes dragons of long drawers
Flying the clothes line.

What! no temple bells
In this lovely old village.
How else can it speak.

The murderous beaks
Of white herons catching fish
Like money lenders.

A bee died on the wing
Its pockets full of pollen
Lost miser gold.

Echoes of thunder
Followed by silver forks
Ripping up the sky.

The moon hanging low
On slender cypress needle
Invites a downfall.

Only Buddha sees
The blind leper's prayer rug
Worn beyond repair.

A most grateful find
Under leaves of forest floor,
White-faced bloodroot.

Pearly and pinkish
Pretty beyond stretch of words?
The answer—Sea Shell . . .

Only a sea shell
But its tomb of loveliness
Equals Taj Mahal

Don Lee Keith

THOUGHTS OF THE PAST REVIVED BY PARCEL

The other day, the postman brought a package containing a copy of "Winnie the Pooh," and inside the cover of the book was a badly worn half of a dollar bill. The package had no return address, but it was postmarked "Omaha, Neb." It had originally been delivered to my old college address, and had been forwarded several times.

And somehow, I felt a little sad, because I knew that somewhere, some fellow had at last married a girl named Lady Marimore Dunlap.

Not that I was ever a close friend of hers; in fact, I only met her for two hours.

* * * *

It was on an afternoon in spring during my last semester in college and I was sitting on a bench, just having finished an exam. A girl came up to me and said, "That book you're reading by Kahlil Gibran. Don't you know that he's very out? Pretty thoughts, but he's out. If you want pretty thoughts, go back to "Winnie the Pooh." I always thought Camus was too harsh, myself, but that was before my Zen period. Now I'm in my theosophy and parapsychological period, emphasis on reincarnation. I was once a flapper in the '20's, and before that, a scarlet woman in a western saloon, and before that, a model for Toulouse Lautrec."

Well, it was the Lautrec bit that caught me, because at that time, I was going through a kind of period myself. The Out Period, because I had decided, as so many collegians do, that the more Out Of It you are, the more In you're bound to be. Lautrec was big, as were dirty sneakers, Edith Piaf songs, dark beer and abstract thoughts. I even tried a beard, but it was shades of orange, and turned out so spotty you could have played checkers on my chin.

But this girl, in the short span of our acquaintance, was so Out, she was probably the most In person I'd ever seen, so I realized that I could never make the grade and might as well go back to being me.

Her hair was so long she could have done the Godiva thing with full modesty. No make-up. Classic features. She spoke with no particular accent, but everything she said was fast and with enthusiasm.

She had been to three different colleges. "I really buckle down the first semester, so they won't throw me out. But second semester is my holiday."

She had been, at various times, a drama major, an art major, an archaeology major and an English major. Now she was leaving this school for another, yet undetermined one. "I'm going to drive till my credit card wears out, then stop."

That afternoon, we sat on a bench and ate two packages of animal crackers, which she produced from her purse. "They're my favorite in the whole world."

She told me about the summer she spent stringing beads with the Indians in Mexico, and about the year as a student in New York, quoting spontaneous poetry at night in a Village coffee house. She had gone to the inauguration ball for President Kennedy without an invitation, and she had a friend, an Eskimo, who skinned seals.

She never mentioned her family or where she was born, and I didn't ask because somehow, it didn't seem the thing to do.

I asked, "But when are you going to settle down?"

She proclaimed, "Never. That's what ordinary people do—marry and have kids." Then she took out a dollar, tore it in two, and stuffed one half in her purse. She handed me the other, and said, "The first one of us to get married must return his half." I put my half in my wallet.

* * * *

And with that, she finished off the animal crackers, kissed me on the cheek, and got into a beat-up station wagon crammed with art canvases and boxes and trunks. And drove off.

I've never heard from her since, but the other day when I opened the package, I felt peculiarly anxious for spring.

So I went out and spent the whole dollar on animal crackers.

new poems from the jackson writers group

Mark Burns

AFTER THE STORM

When we returned to our seaside school,
The waves had left a colossal present
Shoved against a crumpled jungle gym at the edge of the beach.
All three tons of it—

 All three tons of concrete base,
 Bright red girders, and (best of all) the clanging bell—
Were ours,
Ours by the salvage rights know to all children
Who've ever collected a rusty pocket knife,
A chunk of quartz, or a chipped catseye.

Who needed a jungle gym, anyway?
We had a bellbuoy—our own personal bellbuoy—
To climb, explore, and ring.
It was our ship, our fortress.

The teachers weren't pleased.
"It might be dangerous," sniffed Miss Hawks.
"You might fall and break a leg," warned Miss Gunderson.
"Nuts!" Said Paul Davis, ringing the bell extra loud
 Just for their benefit.

For half a week, small hands and feet
Scrambled over the concrete and red-painted steel.
Small fingers pushed the clapper,
Shoved the bell.
Small ears thrilled to the jangling.
Until thursday.

Wednesday, the weather had grown calm.
We had played all over our friendly bellbuoy,
But somehow, when we were called in from recess,
There was among us a feeling of danger.
Was it the sea?
No, the sea was quiet now—as quiet as the sea ever was.
The wind?
No, the wind had slowed almost ceased.
What was it, then, that made us fret and stir in our seats?
Suddenly, we realized the trouble signal—
The teachers were happy!
Just before school let out, two men in crisp white uniforms
and gold braided caps
Walked onto the beach and began pacing around our bellbuoy.
We sensed approaching loss.

Thursday morning, recess was held indoors.
The two men in white uniforms and gold braided caps
Were joined by half-a-dozen others
In brown coveralls, who fastened cables to our bellbuoy—
Our own personal bellbuoy.
The cables ran to a ship,
Half a mile out. “A seaplane tender,”
Said Jeffrey Laughton, whose father worked at the Naval Yard.
The teachers tried to keep us concentrating on games and puzzles.
Repeatedly, we were led away from the windows—
“Nothing of interest there, children.”
Nothing of interest to them!

At two o'clock that afternoon,
Just as Mrs. Gunderson was discussing Eric the Red,
A blue-uniformed man with a pair of flags
Began waving at the seaplane tender.
“Semi-fours,” said Jeffrey Laughton;
We marvelled at his learning.
The cables drew taut.
“Children, pay attention.”
Who cared about Eric the Red now?

"Don't take it away," moaned Alice Summers.
Mrs. Gunderson gave up the battle and let us have the windows.

The man with the flags was waving wildly.
Jeffrey Laughton said it meant something, but he couldn't see
clearly.

The men in brown coveralls stood and watched.
As the two men in white uniforms scowled,
Occasionally saying words Mrs. Gunderson hoped we didn't hear.
For five minutes, the cables stayed taut,
And nothing happened.
"The bellbuoy's winning!" Squealed Sissie Nichols.
"Ray Bellbuoy!" We all yelled.

The man with the flags flapped so hard
We thought he'd fly away . . .
The men in brown coveralls gaped . . .
The two men in gold braided caps were turning red . . .
A movement.
"It moved!" Cried Freddy Torres.
A jerk, then sliding . . .
The man with the flags slowed his motions.
The men in brown coveralls cheered.
The two men in gold braided caps shook hands;
One offered the other a cigar.
Our class gave a collective sigh.

Fifteen minutes more and we were back in our seats,
Listening to the exploits of Eric the Red;
But some of us, straining out Mrs. Gunderson's nasal drone,
Could hear—far out to sea and fading fast—
The clanging of a bell.

THE BIG THEATRE

"All the world's a stage."

The curtain rises.
On stage and off stage
eyes are on a package.
Actors strut a hurried pace
back and forth, pouncing on the package.
They tear great chunks
from the walls of YESTERDAY,
burn the vitals by degrees
till there is little left that is whole.
Tradition is torn to shreds,
"The Establishment," is fed to fools,
while the clock ticks away
and the walls come down over the city.
The rats run riot
and the air hangs smoke.
With hermentality, the toughened ones,
reach for the page, called—TOMORROW.

WE, THE PEOPLE, can stand it no longer
WE, THE PEOPLE, take over.
From the four corners of the stage
they come to stand guard over the package
bought with blood, sealed with tears,
wrapped in the faith of our fathers
and bound together—
with heartstrings of a great people;
the big package FREEDOM.

Kathryn W. Robbins

THINGS I NEVER WRITE

I never try to word
the beauty of earth and sky,
world of sun and storm
for I am awed to silence
over dew, marbled
with watermelon dawn
awaiting the swirling skirt
of April sun.
I find no words to crown the lily
too regal for a king
yet, bends her beauty to the bumble bee.
I have no words to hold the breath of sod
fresh turned at fielding time;
and none to hold the fragrance of night
in full bloom.
I cannot word the prowling
sound of silence after storm
nor catch the warm mist
of sunshine after rain.
No words for these?
In a world of sun and storm?
fierce and gentle . . .
calm and violent.
Mine to have but not to hold—
Too beautiful to bear,
too wide for words.

Mae Elliott

THE STORM

Jagged lightning
pierced the darkened sky
unwilling to be outdone
by the angry god
whose voice had risen to a thunderous roar
demanding obeisance
of heaven and earth.
It seemed as if all the demons in Hades
had been loosened
to laugh in demoniacal glee
at the fear of Earth's children
fleeing the debris hurled
in a whirlpool of destruction.
Torrents of rain
adding to the chaos,
washed the earth clean
and the morning dawned clear.

Ruby Jourdan Hillix

Haiku:

DECEPTION

Roses are lovely
But their blossoms deceive one
For their stems hold thorns.

Ruby Jourdan Hillix

Haiku:

FRIGHT

The vine's weak tendrils
Clutch and cling to the oak tree
As man clings to life.

Clina S. Ray

HAIKUS

Dark the night, and still,
Lonely and dreaming I sit.
Then a cricket sings.

The piled leaves are dead—
Then life in a sunflower
Restores their lost gold.

In the summer rain,
The brilliant—hued crepe myrtle
Slowly bows its head.

In my garden a
Lovely, red rose—then up it
Flew—a cardinal!

Happy mocking-bird!
Does he sing with permission,
Or just plagiarize?

Robert T. Parker

IT RAINED ON TUESDAY

It rained on Tuesday
Wednesday, too
and then on Thursday
they hanged old man Perigon.
Despite the rain they came to see,
the young and old, to watch him die;
and die he did
protesting his innocence to the very end.
They went inside

and left him hanging in the rain
dangling from the rope
like a kite at end of string
caught in the branches of a tree.
It rained on Friday;
then they cut him down
buried him in a shallow grave
and marked the mound of earth
with limestone rock.
They went away.
I came and stood beside
the grave and wept.
How could I tell them now—
they hanged the wrong man?

Juanita Sikes Young

LIFE'S AUTUMN

Shall it always be in October
When mountains hold tree tops
To their rocky breast
And the late rose of summer
Wears a hummingbird in her hair
That I will come again,
To this place called loneliness
To wait and watch
And all the time know
You would not be there.

Shall it always be
When hickory trees cast their stones
And the elm its leaves of gold,
When swallows flutter tired wings
Against the sunsets face
That I will walk memories paths
And remember autumn yesterdays,
And you.

visitors near and far

Richard Latta

ON BEING A POET

Loquacious as rain in
A wet dialect in one
Syllable taps between
Houses; Morse code of
Drops click across
States of consciousness
While I with child's ear
And poet's whim try to
Translate their meagre
Message from just molecule
Noises into phrases of
Humanity.

Gerald Duff

A GROWTH UNBIDDEN

In untended places
whether by mitosis or magic
rubbish accrues unbidden.
Corners immaculate on Monday
bear mounds of junk by Friday,
and that discarded in June in Maine
appears in August's California,
a miracle generating bent hairpins
and wilted cardboard boxes.
Displaced Christopher medals and random
limbs from Negro dolls
concert to testify being.

Webb Dycus

CALEB

With but one other of the chosen spies,
Sent out to reconnoiter Canaan's land
And bring the Hebrews facts to analyze,
Caleb followed in full the Lord's command.
And Caleb, with his buoyant faith and hope,
Talked to the people reassuringly,
Revealing an amazing grasp and scope
Of what obedience to God's word might be.

"Do not rebel against the Lord," he pleaded,
"And do not fear," His speech befits our age.
How well for that small people had they heeded!
And for us, in our modern pilgrimage!
Caleb and Joshua left a timeless goal
For one and all who cultivate the soul.

James Parr

A LONELINESS

White fleecy autumn snowflakes
Falling on soggy sod
Brown bleak leafless trees
Standing motionless
Under opaque clouds;
Patches of green and yellowed grass,
And half-frozen water spots;
Picked-over cornstalks
And brown scraggly weeds;
One gas lamp burning
And one gone out;
One set of smudgy car tracks
In the parking lot;
Some day—
This day
Before Christmas
1970!

Charles T. Stanfill

INTRODUCING THREE MEN POETS

Question: Why does an army officer write poetry?

David Berry: I think I have something to say and poetry is the best medium in which to say it. I'd rather write poetry than anything I can think of.

Question: Why does an ex-marine write poetry?

William Kloefkorn: (Speaking to the Jackson Writers Group) I want to say what I have to say in as clear and different a manner as possible.

Each of the three men whose poems are printed following this article are men who have a strong urge to communicate. It is reflected in the two statements above. It is reflected in their poetry. It is reflected in their conversation.

If you had been privileged to sit in on a "bull-session" in Mr. Cooper's office (he serves as Episcopal Chaplain at Vanderbilt University) one summer evening at the Second Tennessee Writers Conference, you would know that Mr. Cooper also writes from the same deep inner motivation. The talk lasted beyond midnight and ranged not only over the writing of poetry but its subject matter—including philosophy, current events, the Vietnam War and the outlook for the future. The discussion of trends in poetry turned up the generalization that most of what is being written and published today in America falls into two categories: one which we might describe as the "Roses are red, violets are blue" classification, and the other type as belonging to the "academic type." By far the bulk of verse belongs to the former, just as the bulk of paintings could be classed as weekend daubing. Most of it is rhymed, sentimental, shallow, hackneyed and with subject matter dealing loftily with "life," "death," "nature" and other generalities. If viewed as an exercise in language or as something to press between pages of a volume along with rose petals, it is relatively harmless.

As to the academic poetry, which embraces most of the serious work published, both in the large monthlies and the smaller literary journals, upon attempting to read it, one finds at once that he needs a key to unlock the meaning artfully concealed within the juxtaposition of words. The frequent lack of pattern, punctuation or other common usages of speech add to the confusion. One often suspects that the writer of these poems has set out to write for other poets of his own fellowship, that he is demonstrating his cleverness in avoiding a communication of any kind, certainly not with the average literary public. Poetry need not be as bald as a news item, but it certainly is not too much to ask that it add something to the sum total of human thought.

The three poets published here definitely have something to say. They each have a brilliance of intellect to perceive the world around them as few of us can. What they write of their understanding of it falls within the mainstream of America. They write with a seasoned judgment and we can profit by listening. Their use of language reflects an awareness of its rhythms and its ability to express fine gradations of feeling as a communication to their fellow men. All three write fluently, and down the seventies a way they should be counted among our finest poets. If McLuhan is correct in assessing our society, then these three poets will be in the right place at the right time in an age of the communications media.

INTRODUCING:

David C. Berry, Jr. Born in 1942, Vicksburg, Mississippi. Grew up near there on his grandmother's farm. Worked at a number of jobs. Holds B.S. degrees in mathematics and biology. M.A. from University of Tennessee. Presently working on Ph.D. in English at University of Tennessee. Plans to teach. Served three years as MSC officer in army. Presently Captain in Army Reserves. While in Vietnam wrote at least two volumes of poetry, among them "The Tenants" from which the selections below are taken. His first book of poetry, "Saigon Cemetery" will be published this fall by University of Georgia Press. Individual poems have been widely published in literary journals. He is married and has one small son.

The style of his work is unusual and distinctive. It is conversational and dramatic, but maintains a balance and flow one would think impossible in such a verse pattern. It reads aloud even better. There is a profound understanding of the world in his poetry. He is indeed a young man with something to say.

INTRODUCING:

Robert Cooper. Born 1935, Salisbury, North Carolina. Holds the following degrees: B.A., S.T.B., M.A., S.T.M. At present he is the Episcopal Chaplain at Vanderbilt University. He is married and has three children, all below 'teen age. Individual poems have been published in *The New South Quarterly*, *Listening*, *Motive*, *The Christian Century*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Southern Review*. He has also published a number of philosophical and theological articles in scholarly journals in Britain and America.

To read his poetry is to take an excursion into a warm and human mind, solid and understanding and possessed with a gentle humor. His verse form is poised and skillfully phrased. Its technical excellence is of a high order.

INTRODUCING:

William Kloefkorn. Born in Kansas and grew up in a small country town in the southcentral part of that state, a town from which, he says, he thought he

escaped when he went to college at 18. He graduated in 1954 and spent two years in the Marine Corps. Returned to college and after receiving an M.A., taught four years at the University of Wichita. Since 1962, he has taught at Nebraska Wesleyan University, Lincoln, Nebraska. During the summer of 1970 he was an exchange professor of English at Lane College, Jackson, Tennessee. He is married and has four children.

At Nebraska Wesleyan, he teaches literature and creative writing. He has written three novels, none of which he has tried to have published. He began writing poetry a year and a half ago and since then has been widely published in all types of magazines, including *Prairie Schooner*, *New England Review*, *Karamu*, *Epos*, *Motive*, *Kansas Quarterly*, *Ohio University Review*, *Encore*, *Apple*, *South and West* and *Midwest Quarterly*. He is preparing his first volume of poetry for publication.

His poetry seems to fall easily into three groupings according to subject matter: poems based on his life as a farm boy, poems from his Marine Corps background and now a new series based on his summer at Lane. The latter will be of particular interest to Tennesseans, since they amount to an observation of students at a predominantly negro college by one who is viewing them from a fresh and unprejudiced angle. His verse form, though often conventional, is both powerful and restrained. There is something in it that makes one want to say, "Here is a midwestern Robert Frost!" Sound, color and movement are especially well handled in his lines.

D. C. Berry

DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER (1953-1960)

Ike was raised
(cityslickers get reared)
in a Kansas cow
town.

Some how how
ever he learned to play Army—
drove
3,000,000 (not-golf-balls)
men to market with
helmets harder than cowhorns.

He made segregation notright
and wrong, he couldn't
make it work outright
outright (A Yankee
said Ike made less enemies than George
Washington A Southerner
didn't say that).

This is a question: did he leave
a few Korean
War coals alive and let Ho Chi Minh
take one and fan it???

Prairie: Prairie men kill
all coals or are killed
by
the Prairie fire
if they didn't kill it.

D. C. Berry

LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON (1963-1968)

He was made President
in a plane full of Deadpresident

Kennedy—

(a female judge did the oaths,
Lyndon did his own,
by the way on the way)

He made things of the
Kennedy
Glass Congress busted, but

He twisted
arms like arms
were cowhorns

and he felt
it hurt him
like it hurt
his political pa—
Franklin D. Roosevelt.

. . . the furrows
in his forehead
were harrowed
by Vietnam agony tractors . . .

This is his question:
is the pot of gold
in the USSR
and are
we on a rainbow
to it?

D. C. Berry

SINCE BOBBY COULDN'T BE HERE

June 6, 1968

The portable solidstate
radio said
Bobby Kennedy was
dead like Jack shot
brained by little offgray
bullets
that clubbed him
about the head and shoulders
poof.

may be civil
realization really does
not work after all
maybe it doesn't work
At all

click I cut the radio's
tongue off and drop its body
crushing it into the earth
with my bleeding
barefeet

tomorrow I will try to
tie my shoes on again

today I must wonder
if the knots
are really worth making.

FATHER, IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY!

I had thought until today
that you would not die
would live forever

but it comes over me now
like the dusk of Northern winter
suddenly

I had thought this to frustrate
time to castrate Chronos
the fear washing away my own aging
sands washing at the shores
of the darkness crouching
behind my birth and your's

I find that I can fashion
nothing to give the lie
to this to stay the hands
that confirm our common clay

WHAT'S NEW?

A seventy-five year old Raggedy Ann
at eight o'clock on a summer morning
lurches across her front yard.

Swathed in pajamas and a bathrobe
she is a frazzled shepherd from
the Sunday school Christmas pageant.
She is a startled mummy from
Saturday's childhood ten-cent matinee.

I had to fight
clear of all the spider webs in
all of the woods and shrubs of
all of the years of trampling and of
all of the endless talking
which had wound the cocoon
of my mind into a sticky blindfold
to see that

She is coming out for the morning paper.

AUGURY

The starling has been there
for six weeks now:
dead in the footpath.
It has lain upon its back,
one wing beneath its body,
one wing reaching out.
This wing is not decaying
It shields the daily more distinct
house of bones.

Hoping for some sign,
we did not touch it,
never even pushed at it
with a curious toe.

The August rains have moved it some.
The flies only circle it now, sizzle on
and swarm to richer feasts
in the garbage nearby.
The sounds the smaller things make
that feed on it
at the wet edge
of putrefaction
the winter wind will carry.

When it whistles to us
over the clean ribs
we will listen,
like those who lie in ambush,
who await the trembling earth's word
that some new life is afoot.

UPON WATCHING SOME BLACK BOYS
PLAYING BASKETBALL AT NIGHT

Shirtless
Under a crescent
Of Tennessee moon
Black boys shine at basketball,
Their energies hot as the tipend
Of an occasional cigarette that
Like a firefly
Reddots the scene.

They move unaware of hours.
Their dribbling echoes to the rending
Of long hands courting backboards.

Pearlteeth.

Pivotsqueal.

Netswish.

The gritty shuffle of shoes

As into the airless night
The boys rebound,
Spending themselves on scores.

And when the moon goes clouded
The game thumps clearly on.

I study the black boys
From white-walled windows
And what I see is shadow
Beaded

Unawed

Stark.

The black boys are not afraid of the dark.

SPECIAL PROBLEM NO. 2:
ATTACK ON A FORTIFIED POSITION

1

Around me lies the dream I waken to:
Tomorrow has slipped into my damp foxhole
To bleed me while I mused on enemies unborn.

2

So in the haze of sunrise I stir
With fellow dreamers toward the slitted eyes
Of some half-buried head. My movement,
Were it real, might tear the skin. Long shards
Of early sun impale me through twin hefts
Of napalm on my back.

3

At last ahead
The unreal bunker jumps with fire as suddenly.
The dream goes wrong, and there is blood upon
The bedsheet. Apertures dilate. Valves hiss.
The mystery of jellied fire spurts
Like red rope toward the powered eyes. I lean
Dreaming into ten seconds' worth of steady
Recoil, until at last the bunker blazes
Into silence.

4

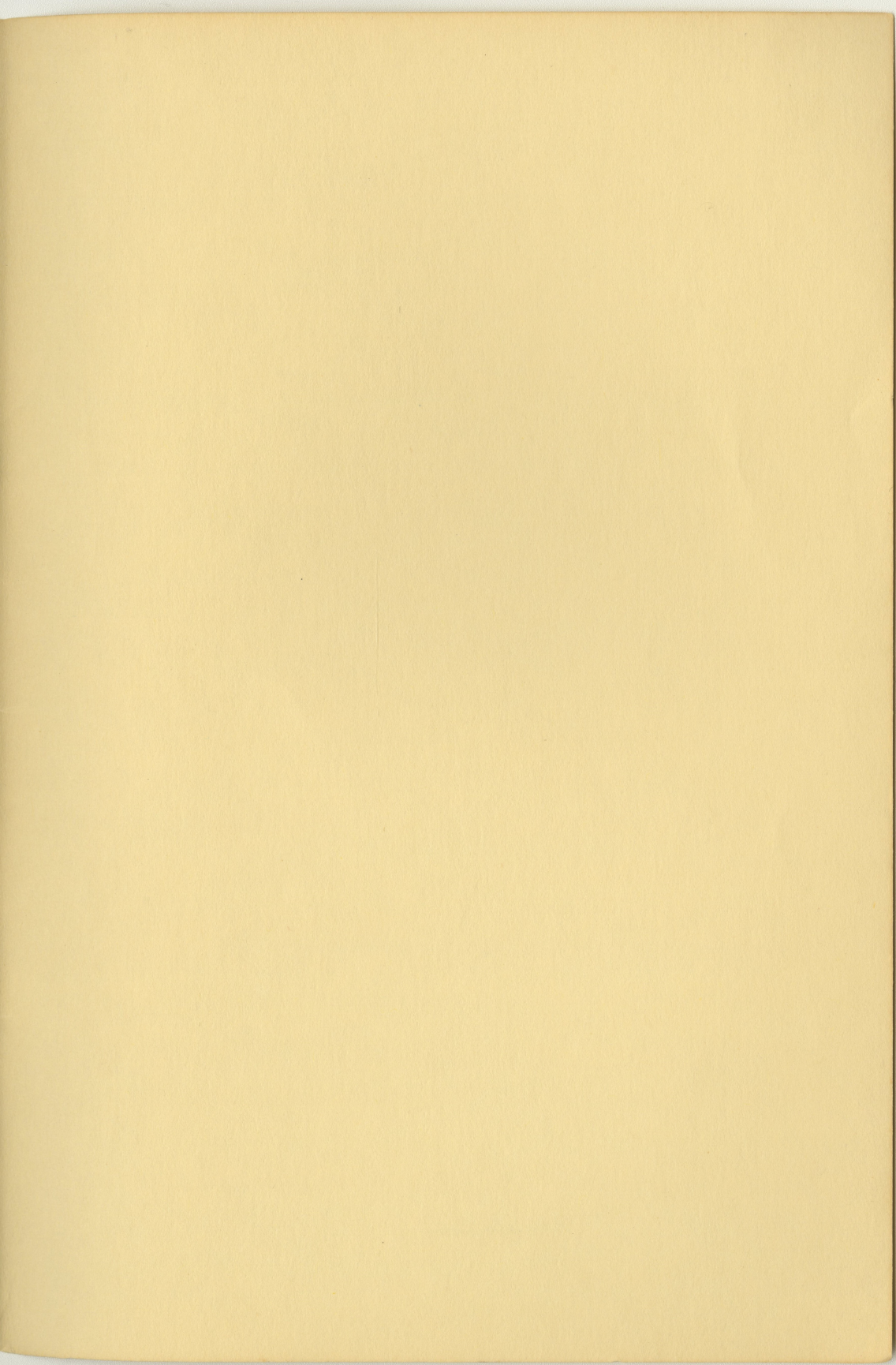
My fuel on schedule
Goes thin. Smoke clears. I blink through time
Until I too can call the faint mess victory.

But there remains beyond the truth of words
 Bright blood upon the bedsheet, blood yet thick
 And warm long after we push on. The fire
 Is smoldering, but the red remains. Around
 Me lies the dream I wakened to, and in
 The midst of marching I pray for sleep, for one
 Long gentle nightmare of enemies unborn.

William Kloefkorn

PLOWING: FINAL REFLECTION NO. 26

My John Deere
 is a wide hot kitchen woman
 turning arrowheads,
 and I am a boy
 gone grimed at play,
 glancing backward
 Into a shimmer of window
 from beneath which comes the scent
 of freshly baking clay.
 The arrowheads lie moist beneath the sun.
 Circling like a snake closing in
 the woman finishes.
 Maybe next year,
 or some generation after,
 her arrowheads will be done.



LAYCOOK, JACKSON